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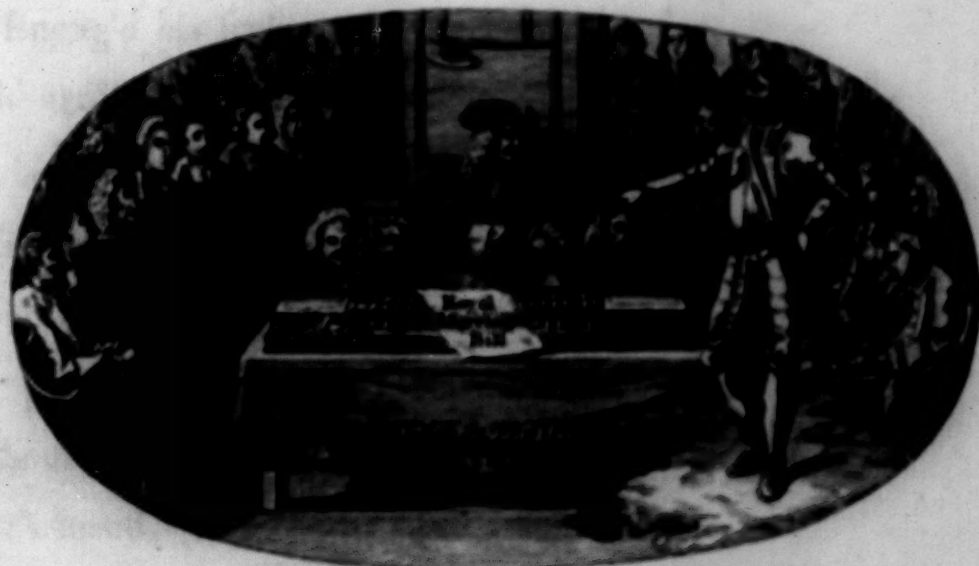
OR,

A CANDID EXAMINATION
INTO THE
MERITS OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS

OF

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.

THE SECOND EDITION,
WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.



*Thus our SENATORS cheat the deluded People with a show
Of LIBERTY, which yet they ne'er must taste of—
Drive us like Wretches down the rough Side of Power,
Whilst no holds left to save us from destruction. OWEN*

L O N D O N:

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M.DCC.LXXII.

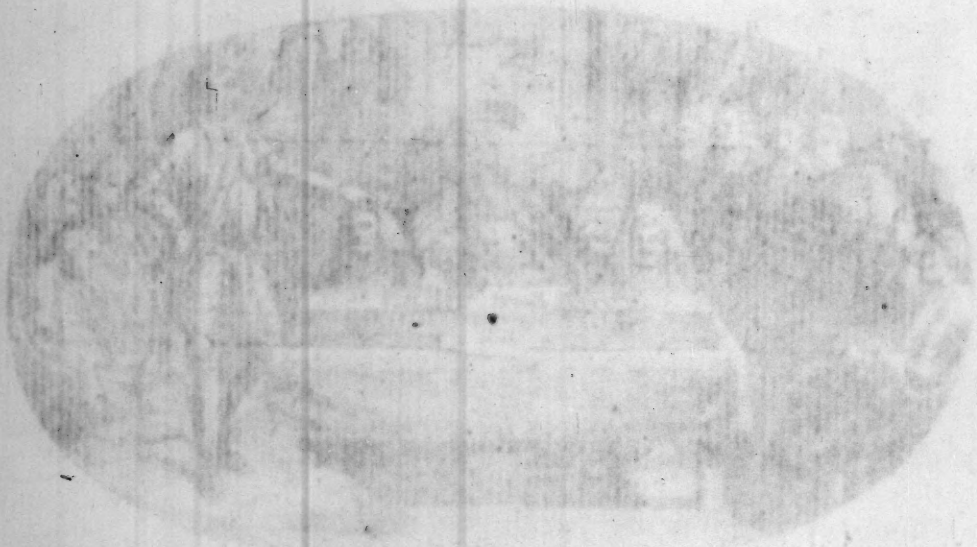
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LONDON
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M.DCC.LXXII



T H E
S E N A T O R S.

LONG has the stage provok'd the critic's ire,
Engag'd his feelings, and receiv'd his fire,
As if th' artillery of Longinus school
Should be but hurl'd on those *who play the fool*.
Ungen'rous satire! learn to spare the man,
Who nightly strives to do the best he can;
Let the poor player heedless fume and roar,
" His hour once past alas! he's heard no more;
Or if he's heard, no more he swells the dome,
But sinks the hero of his humbler home.

B

Draw

Draw then thy virulence from off the stage,
And lash the rankling vices of the age ;
Collect thy wrath where nobler game invites,
And deal it round CITS, BURGESSES, and KNIGHTS ;
That venal tribe, whose actors speak for pay,
And oft declaim their country's rights away.

Calm are my thoughts, nor *yet* have rag'd in rhymes,
'Till now call'd forth by these oppressive times ;
But when those chiefs, whom such the people make
To guard their rights, when every right's at stake ;
When such shall break this confidential plan,
Which freedom form'd to rivet man to man ;
For bribes obey the ministerial rod,
And *aye* and *noe* it at an upstart's nod ;
Then honest indignation swells my breast,
And all th' insulted Briton stands confest ;
'Till rous'd with vengeance, in th' alarm of fear,
I snatch my pen, as warriors snatch the spear.

Come

Come, stern soul'd justice, then assume command,
The rod and wreath held out in either hand,
Burst ope the fane, where this corruption lies,
And hold the mirror up to public eyes ;
Enrol their names in thy impartial leaves,
Who made this house of pray'r "a den of thieves :"
Bare every breast, however ribbon'd o'er,
Its virtues blazon, and it's faults explore.

Bred up in law's mechanic, plodding school,
Where forms for sense give credit to a fool,
Whose duller soul for only quirks is fit,
Without one spark of equity, or wit ;
See NORTON sits gorgonically great,
In all the dignity of wig and state ;
One part in elbow'd indolence resides,
(An emblem that he *never changes sides*)
Whilst his *broad* face displays a settled low'r,
The type of surly senatorial power.

Did

Did parts depend on subtleties of law,
Or where to find, or where to make a flaw,
Or when to turn to statutes, when to quote,
Roar out to order, or *roar* out a vote ;
With other gifts politically fine,
Which mem'ry lends to dullness and design ;
Then none with thee should litigate the prize,
For the joint epithet of good, and wise.
But when such arts disgrace the senate chair,
And loudly damn the vote which plac'd thee there :
Patriots in anger turn their heads awry,
And think of ONSLOW's merits with a sigh.

Fir'd by that name, with eager haste I run,
To see the father honour'd in the son ;
To see those virtues, by descent, re-bloom,
In filial piety around his tomb ;
But oh ! the sad reverse ! no shoot's the same,
Nor ought of PATRIOT ONSLOW, but the name ;
Set in corruption's mould they wither'd lie,
Or in a rank luxuriance face the sky.

Degenerate

Degenerate son ! could not the glorious race
 Thy fire perform'd, accelerate thy pace ?
 Could not the obvious track he left behind,
 Direct thy steps, invigorate thy mind ;
 Teach thee the line to strike 'twixt freedom's fire,
 And all that false ambition would desire ?
 When shouting senates hail'd him as their care,
 And paid the farewell duties to his chair ;
 When ev'n his monarch join'd the friendly plan,
 And pour'd his bounties on the good old man ;
 Did not this day, I ask your recreant heart,
 More op'ning glories to thy soul impart,
 ('Tho unentitl'd to this general praise,
 And but reflected by thy father's blaze)
 Than pension'd, titled slaves could ever meet,
 With all the Treasury hoards beneath their feet ?

If solid judgment, amplitude of mind,
 A patient temper, with a taste refin'd ;
 A promptitude to act on ev'ry call,
 Which honour sounds at to prevent her fall ;

If such a patriotic name can raise,
And claim a just certificate for praise,
These, steady DOWDESWELL ! all belong to you ;
These are thy triumphs ; these thy honest due.
When some vile upstart, destitute of shame,
(ELLIS, for instance, of corrupted name)
Whom frolic fortune, in a wanton hour,
Fashion'd a statesman to exert her pow'r ;
When such shall rise, with hopes of plunder warm'd,
His heart with guile, his tongue with falsehoods arm'd ;
Only intent to aid the *premier's* pride,
And, at a nod, to stab his country's side ;
Does not each bosom liberally glow,
When honest DOWDESWELL wards th' uplifted blow ;
Braves every danger to defend her cause,
And stands the firm protector of her laws ?

Their skill in silver strains let speakers waste,
Who aim at pensions, or who aim at taste ;
Whose tones vibrating slumber on the ear,
As free from pathos, as from judgment clear ;

Such

Such as of late the swan-like SUFFOLK sung, *End of Suffolk*
 Ere flimsy honours stopt his flimsier tongue ;
 Above all such—'tis DOWDESWELL'S to impart
 The strongest feelings of an honest heart ;
 Unite with sense the manliness of speech,
 And be himself what he would others teach ;
 For which accept the muses warmest lays ;
 For which accept thy grateful country's praise.

Perch'd on that bench * where sages have declaim'd,
 And now a culprit, now a state arraign'd ;
 Perhaps that spot, where CHATHAM oft has rung
 The pleasing changes of his tuneful tongue ;
 What doubtful form is that, which holds its seat,
 With so much ministerial power elate ?
 But hark, *it* speaks ! the husky tones record,
 DYSON *its* name, *its* rank—a Treasury lord.
 Gods ! shall this *thing*, to nature a disgrace,
 Thus arrogantly seize a statesman's place ?
 Despis'd at home, *spurn'd from a sister shore*,
 Whose growing years confirm his crimes the more ?

* Treasury bench.

Oh !

Oh! shame on every hand that lent an aid,
To lift a reptile up to such parade!
For him no speech, however nobly fraught,
With force of genius, dignity of thought,
Tho' BURKE should charm us with his usual blaze,
And strike all hearers but himself with praise,
Could e'er by chance his frigid breast inspire,
Or give one glow of patriotic fire;
Firm in the odious part to him assign'd,
He spurns the common feelings of mankind.

Yet tho' thus void of every just pretence
To honour, justice, dignity, or sense;
Tho' ne'er one smile unstrung that stubborn face,
Except the casual coinage of grimace;
Tho' ne'er one look disclos'd a joy within,
Except in planning, or performing sin;
Yet when such haggard features can impart,
The secret workings of a venal heart;
When each disgusting part of such a whole,
Points to the stygian darkness of his soul;

We

We thank thee, Nature, with a loud acclaim,
Which hangs out such a sign-post to his fame.

Like mad Orestes, in resentful strains,
When he of false Hermione complains,
See well-drest, ranting JENKINSON advance,
In all the antient spirit of romance !
One leg's brought forward with theatric stride,
(Your orators should always legs divide)
T'other's kept back, and humbly seems to wait,
A patient lacquey on its brother's state ;
Whilst, in his hand, a handkerchief he wears,
Alike the type of dignity and tears ;
Accoutred thus, with all the modes of art,
Who'd not suppose his speech must reach the heart ?
Alas ! in empty storms of rhet'ric tost,
Like school-boys bubbles, in the air they're lost,
Appearances employ his only care,
So words sound fine, no matter what they are.

In different strains does **BARRÈ**'s language flow,
A rough-hewn soldier all from top to toe ;

D

Like

Like honest KENT, inur'd to homely ways,
He scorns the pliant courtier's mincing phrase,
And with a daring rectitude of thought,
Hangs, *in terrorem*, every statesman's fault ;
No bribes cajole him, nor no fears repel,
For what he dares to think, he dares to tell.
Is Britain's flag insulted on the main ?
Are laws infring'd ? should magistrates complain ?
Do long arrears disgrace a nation's trust ?
Or those turn knaves, who're paid for being just ?
Then dauntless BARRE takes his usual stand,
And flings his arrows with avenging hand,
On ev'ry side, above, behind, below,
Nor spares the monarch in his country's foe.
But tho' such praises on thy name attend,
Still, BARRE, hear the dictates of a friend ;
Who here would counsel with the op'nest view,
And what he freely thinks, directs to you.
“ Let not that tongue so wantonly declaim,
Nor stain a patriot with a brawler's name :
Illiberal phrases on themselves recoil,
And mar the statesman's zeal, the speaker's toil ;

Contract,

Contract the muse's power to chaunt her lays,
And rob thy vigilance of half its praise."

TOWNSEND and SAWBRIDGE late alike stood fair *Thermer*
In public confidence, as public care.
How fall'n! from such a patriotic reign,
The livery's recent groans can best explain.
Subtle the first, ambition's favourite son,
By turns of ev'ry party, now of none;
Eager to climb, where interest leads the way,
Tho' dead to sentiment, alive to pay.
The next with easier, gentler manners grac'd,
Possess'd of candor, rectitude, and taste;
Above all art to flatter, or deceive,
Hangs out his honest heart upon his sleeve.
Thus blest, was ever man so much misled,
By such a colleague, artful, and ill-bred?
Who talks of virtue, like a common whore,
Merely to hide his want of it the more;
Who turn'd a patriot in misfortune's pet,
To screen a *contract*, or to screen a *debt*;

Whose

Whose claim to friendship's but a master stroke,
 Just as the ivy twines the sturdy oak,
 To ward the blow that swells in yonder gust,
 Which else would hurl it prostrate on the dust.
 Turn then, my SAWBRIDGE ! yes, I'll call thee mine,
 For virtue's friends are favourites of the nine ;
 Turn from this loose despoiler of your fame,
 And arm'd with virtue *singly* trust your name ;
 Then shall consenting crowds again rejoice,
 Again restore you to the public voice.

When BECKFORD's soul (unable to postpone
 Insults on Liberty, tho' from the *throne*)
 Had fled to seek that peaceful, happy shore,
 Where worldly cares encompass us no more ;
 By specious arts then OLIVER stept forth,
 An upstart Mushroom of *Barbadoes* growth,
 Unread, yet pert, for manners caught grimace,
 His mind all *bronz'd* as deeply as his *face* ;
 He cringed, rehears'd his creed, at bondage rail'd,
 The people shouted, and *Baboon* prevail'd.

Thus

Thus form'd on imitating Freedom's plan,
 Just in the stile that *monkies* mimic man,
 The copied scene a while he acted o'er,
 And gain'd the name of Patriot from his *roar*.

But soon this scaffolding was thrown aside,
 And then broke forth hypocrisy and pride ;

In Brentford's priest *black-spotted* Mammon came,

Home

Which, trader-like, he grasp'd in lieu of fame ;

Nay more, to serve a ministerial end,

He turn'd an ingrate, and traduc'd his *friend*.

O could illustrious BARNARD, good, and great,

Sr John Barnard

Who from *himself* reflected all his state ;

Who *place* and *pension* both alike withstood,

Through a long life pre-eminently good ;

Could he a while his usual form assume,

And quit the peaceful mansions of the tomb ;

How would his quick'ning pulse with anger beat,

To see this ORAN OUTANG hold his seat ?

Should any member, anxious in debate,

On grounds mistaken ignorantly prate ;

Or urge for facts the coinage of his brain,

Or bribe his audience with a filken strain ;

'Tis thine, O CORNWALL, to repel such art,
 And bare the venal, or misjudging heart :
 Point out what merits praise, what merits blame,
 Damn with disgrace, or consecrate to fame.
 Hush'd at thy voice see *Cocking George* sits still, *St George Onslow*
 And flound'ring THURLOE stops his murm'ring rill ;
 In foreign climes, nor STANLEY dares to tread, *Harry Stanley*
 Nor HINCHINBROOKE erect his silly head : *D. Hinchinbrook*
 Even those babblers, who surround the chair,
 Whose "Hear him ! Hear him !" putrify the air,
 A while procrastinate their numb'ring power,
 And give to freedom's cause another hour.

By turns solicited by different plans,
 Yet fix'd to none, Fox dresses, games, harangues : *Charles Fox.*
 Where varying fashion leads the sportive band,
 And whim and folly bound it hand in hand,
 Behold him ambling through these flow'ry ways,
 A model macaroni, *A L'Angloise*,
 Where gamesters meet to celebrate their nights,
 (Those hopeful seminaries *Frere's* and *White's*)

The

The Proteus here with equal rage you spy,
Disporting thousands on th' uncertain dye;
As if by arts like these he got his bread,
And liv'd dependant on a sharper's head :
Who could suppose, thus press'd in pleasure's train,
That e'er he wish'd to reach a statesman's fame ;
That e'er he spoke with such an attic fire,
As forc'd ~~every~~ patriots loudly to admire,
And, with a sigh, recal the wand'ring youth
To paths of honour, dignity, and truth ?

Rouse then for shame, nor thus mispending time,
In idle follies sacrifice thy prime ;
With cards and dice no longer vigils keep,
Nor waste thy morning's bloom in mid-day sleep.
Let senseless foplings, every way disgrac'd,
Guiltless of sense, as uninform'd by taste,
Their flimsy parts more flimsily employ,
And falsely call their dissipation joy ;
'Tis yours to rouse capacity and skill,
And turn those meaner passions at your will ;

To

To act yourself, be conscious of your trust,
And blend the epithet of great with just.

His notes all conn'd, the daily business plann'd,
His vassals ready *bench'd* on either hand ;
The nod receiv'd from yon official chair,
Which BULLFACE sometimes gives to save the ear ; *St. Stephen Norton*
With pride of eminence uprises NORTH, *Lord North*
And like his blust'ring namesake sputter's forth.
But least such polish'd periods be forgot,
As oft is many a senator's hard lot ;
In jingling records, mem'ry, let them live,
And his own words in his own phrases give.
“ Hem ! Mr. speaker, Sir, I rise thus late,
“ To say a word or two in this debate ;
“ I say, again, Sir, that I humbly rise,
“ To give my vote for raising these supplies,
“ The times demand it—not that I suppose,
“ The humbled *Spaniards* mean to come to blows ;
“ For here 'tis under *Mazzerino's* seal, *Prince Mazzerano, Spanish*
“ The vast pacific sentiments they feel ; *Embassador*

Befide

" Beside, from *practice* I'm inform'd at large,
 " The man *once* *bear*, returns not to the charge.
 " What means this grumbling then on ev'ry side,
 " Those obvious marks of disappointed pride?
 " Do they for opposition all declare,
 " And cross our ablest plans because they dare?
 " I see 'tis so—but surely men of sense,
 " To guard their pounds, will freely part with pence."
 So spake the chief, then fell into his seat,
 In all the pomp of ministerial weight,
 Whilst the long line of placemen learn'd their cue,
 In every evolution, what to do.

From the recesses of her gloomy reign,
 Where damps and darkness nubilata the scene;
 Where fogs thick gath'ring fan her ebony throne,
 And folly's sons proclaim her as their own;
 Long since has DULLNESS charitably shed
 Her drowsiest poppies on her THURLOE's head; *Attorney General*
 Long since bestow'd that density of skull,
 Broad as unthinking, logically dull,

F

Whose

Whose roof impervious can alike resist,
Wit's keenest light'ning, or the bruiser's fist.
Hence when he speaks, his voice, just like his form,
Contemns to please, but boldly aims to storm;
Discards each tone of tenderness for force,
Rough though continued, sonorous though coarse.
So some cascade, impetuous in its fall,
Breaks on the ear with unaccustom'd brawl;
At first the noise alarms the basking hind,
And starts and pauses occupy his mind;
'Till by degrees the sounds, unvaried, deep,
Wrap ev'ry sense in languor, and in sleep.

Nature's defects still could the muse forgive,
As THURLOES well as LYTTLETONS must live,
Did honour regulate his only aim,
Or did he strive to grasp at honest fame;
But when such *pond'rous* parts would fain aspire
To court preferments, and an Attic fire,
To laugh, or lash, is sure her legal due,
And hang such state Leviathans to view.

See

See how unlike his brother of the quill,
The magic DUNNING leads us at his will !
Hear with what matchless eloquence and art,
He gains the last recesses of the heart,
Winds every passion with superior force,
Directs their aim, and regulates their course !
Thou great, tho' little, dapper, mighty man,
Who, on such points, can variously harangue !
Who, with such pow'rs, can equally prevail,
As for thy client, for thy country's weal ;
Say, what can urge thee to despoil this name,
By once reflecting * on a nation's fame ?
The faults of *some* no more the *many* rule,
Than *pug-dug features* indicate a fool ;
Falshood and fraud in every climate shoot,
Rome had its CÆSARS, *Britain* has its BUTE.
Fly those pursuits then which your merits mar,
Beneath the senate, as beneath the bar ;

A meanness this gentleman is so much possessed of, that he seldom neglects a single opportunity of reflecting on the *Scotch*, *Irish*, and *Yorkshire*.

True

True sterling wit disclaims such paltry aid,
It glooms her vict'ries, narrows her parade.

Another lawyer, differing from these two,
With crutch and flannel grac'd, salutes our view ;
A sober vet'ran of the jarring school,
Who acts from quirk, and militates by rule ;
Who daily prostitutes his art for pence,
Without or THURLOE's lead, or DUNNING's sense ;
Whose learn'd quotations, or whose strokes of glee,
Are all contain'd in these two words—*his fee*.

Now in the *ball* he quickly finds a flaw,
Which in the senate he supports as law ;
A while for WILKES and LIBERTY he writes ;
Then turns a truant to the bill of rights :
Now thro' the colonies he rings alarms,
And, RICHARD like, calls out, " To arms ! To arms !"
Then meanly quibbles to deny that name,
By which he rose to popular acclaim.

Such

Such is the picture, take it all in all,
Nor think the tints are overcharg'd with gall;
Should any doubt the features not a-kin,
Behold th' original in Serjeant GLYNN.

Another yet, like Banquo's rising race,
Closes the group, and sternly takes his place.
But how shall words, imperfect words, describe
This scandal to the lowest of his tribe?
This man of art, and cunning without end,
Whom *Priddle's* self would blush to call as friend?
Nor shall the muse (for such reflects her fame)
Once stop to publish this apostate's name;
Sawney, thou pestilence of modern times,
Come forth, and stand recorded in these rhymes;
Come forth, with all thy primness and grimace,
Thy lilly band, and thy impoverish'd face;
Posterity demands you should be seen,
'Tis fit they know what WEDDERBURNES have been.

G

Yet

Yet once it was when, *Belial*-like, he sung,
 When manna seem'd to drop beneath his tongue ;
 When Io Pæans rang the vaulted roof,
 And pale corruption trembling stood aloof ;
 But ev'n this rage of eloquence was art,
 For all was false, and hollow at his heart ;
 The various bribes, by which courts oft engage
 The wants of youth, or avarice of age,
 Found out an instant passage to his mind,
 Nor left one trace of honesty behind ;
 For these *fair fame*, and *plighted faith* he gave,
 And chang'd th' applauded patriot for the slave.
 Say, with what matchless bronze art thou possessest,
 That grief nor shame ne'er visited thy breast,
 That recollection never kindly stole
 A moment's pause to harrow up thy soul ?
 Else sure mere instinct would have shap'd the way,
 To fly the public wrath, and face of day ;
 Shew'd thee, like *feeling Yorke*, some pitying grave, *Charles, Yorke*
 The last sad refuge of the base and brave.

As

As Painters, who judiciously supply
Their groups with contrasts, to relieve the eye ;
So poets, sometimes, should pursue this plan,
Oppose the virtuous to the vicious man ;
They, to each other, give reflected aid,
The bright grows brighter, more obscure the shade.
Come, gentle SAVILE, then thou favourite name,
And whilst whole crowds pour out their loud acclaim,
Permit the muse to raise her feeble voice,
Who joins, sincerely, in the gen'ral choice ;
Yet hard the task for ev'n her boldest lays,
To praise, yet still sufficiently to praise ;
To hit those happy tints which best declare,
A name so just, so honour'd, and so fair.
If she should draw thee, fir'd with honest zeal,
Defending ev'ry liberty you feel,
Or, with like care, maintaining ev'ry good,
Our hardier fathers sanction'd with their blood,
Thy *private* worth, as jealous of her cause ;
Asserts an equal tribute of applause,

A George Savile

Hails

Hails thee by ev'ry name which heav'n can lend,
The widow's husband, and the good man's friend.

Loud ring this truth, and let it be imprest
On each half-reas'ning politician's breast,
Howe'er misjudging, or mock patriots brawl,
That *public character* is all in all,
'Tis false as dicers oaths, or air, or hell,
Who errs in *private*, never can act well;
Nor honour, faith, nor truth to such belong;
Who can be right whose life is in the wrong?
Can vice originate from virtue's root?
Can the same trees produce a different fruit?
Can rank rebellion love its lawful king?
Or streams run clear from their polluted spring?
Produce such vouchers first, and then proclaim,
The *patriot* and the *man* are not the same.

The name of MAWBEY should I leave unsung? *St Joseph*
But MAWBEY, as he has, will use—a tongue.

Strange

Strange that those rules which *golden numbers* give,
To teach the plodding tradesman how to live,
Should not content him, but he must aspire,
To probe the heart, and catch a statesman's fire ;
Ape action, attitude, and Attic lore,
And strive to be what *Tully* was before ;
But 'tis the age when politics abound,
Hence who is not your orator profound ?
MASKALL obeys the self-inspiring call,
And, quitting Galen, clyster-pipes, and all,
Hurries to give his lectures at Guildhall.
In the same *booth*, with well-curl'd wig *awry*
BELLAS declaims on loss of liberty ;
Whilst LOVELL, with clench'd fist and leg recoil'd,
Shews what a matchless bruiser has been spoil'd.
Cease then to climb this steep, where few ascend,
Where various talents must so much befriend ;
Where the pale lamp, oft trimm'd by midnight toil,
Must meet with genius to reward the toil :

H

Pursue

Pursue, as you've begun, the patriot's part,
 And *aye* and *noe* it with a candid heart;
 On these two words your future trophies raise,
 An honest man deserves our gen'ral praise.

In nature's volume read, CLARE has a mind, *Lord Clare*
 Fitted to serve his country and mankind;
 But, train'd in courts, where flatt'ry plies her trade,
 And all the actors strut in masquerade;
 Where nods are giv'n to smile the suppliant mute,
 From the badg'd yeoman up to garter'd BUTE;
 This he soon barter'd for a statesman's grace,
 An *Irish* title, and an *Irish* place.
 Hence, like a sponge, he soaks his leader's smile,
 And learns his art to bully or beguile;
 Rails where he rails, but where he would commend,
 Assumes the sacred habit of a friend.

Sprung from a barren corner of this isle,
 Where partial Fortune seldom deigns to smile,

Or,

Or, when she does, she smiles in such a sort,
As if she mock'd her giddy spirit for't.
Oft has the fire of GILLY * tended flocks,
And watch'd, and slept it on the barren rocks;
Oft by the murm'ring streamlet has he mus'd,
Alike for music, or for bev'rage us'd,
'Till Chance, to shew the vanity of pride,
Play'd her first prank in making him a guide. †
From this glad hour, from whence, or how he sprung,
Never escap'd his wily offspring's tongue,
Who, from this hour, left nothing unessay'd,
Which up to int'rest, or ambition play'd,
'Till by that science, worldlings all call wise,
(But which the lib'ral bosom must despise)
The peasant's cub has scrap'd a *Chartres*' hoard,
And flaunts SIR GILBERT at the council board.
Such is the finish'd statesman, which stands forth,
As mighty second to the mightier NORTH.

* Sir G. Elliot.

† The first rise of Sir Gilbert Elliot's father (who was a Scotch shepherd) was by being a guide to the Royal Army in the Rebellion of 1715.

The little arts, by which he crept to place,
Disguise, intrigue, servility, grimace,
Are still employ'd to guard a public weal,
And dictate to BRITANNIA how to feel;
Hence are her fleets degraded, treaties broke,
And all her spirit turn'd to *Spanish* joke.

O CECIL, SOMMERS, CRAIGGS, blest spirits, hear!
If yet thy country should employ thy care;
If e'er to earth thy patriot forms descend,
To her thy courage, usual judgment lend;
And when such upstarts, in an evil hour,
By pride misled, would madly aim at pow'r,
Blast all such phantoms from behind the crown,
And to their primal nothing melt them down.

Could a long ancestry, with titles grac'd,
Crown'd with desert, and prodigal in taste,
Honour'd as statesmen, by the crowd admir'd,
With love of fame, and martial deeds inspir'd;

Could

Could these transmit their virtues with their name,
Who then so lov'd, so honour'd as GERMAINE? *Dg. Isabelle Germaine*
But what will *real* dignity infuse?
Alas! not DORSET's valour, DORSET's muse?
Yet, when, of late, vile placemen led the way,
And scatter'd poisons in the face of day;
When slav'ry all her venal trophies bore,
By numb'ring *two* to *one*, or *five* to *four*;
To see thee, then, engage in freedom's cause,
Assert her empire, and enforce her laws,
To hear thee, then, with Ciceronian rage,
Hold up the noxious mirror to the age,
My soul has caught the sympathizing strain,
And blotted from her mem'ry *Minden's* plain.

As one well vers'd in the *Broughtonian* trade,
Whom coarser nature for a bully made,
Clumsy, robust, irregular, and strong,
Who can't be said to walk, but *stump* along,

I

Apart

Apart, in surly pride, see RIGBY stand,

the Paymaster

The remnant leader of the Bloomsbury band.

On strength of family will some depend,

To form an int'rest, or to gain a friend,

Others, by money, expedite their way,

And open all things with a golden key;

Whilst some, long wand'ring thro' the gloom of night,

By merit, find a passage to the light;

But, scorning each such regular attack,

RIGBY depended solely on his *back*,

With this, and *impudence*, the bruiser's dow'r,

He *fought* his way to fortune, and to pow'r.

What tho' no booth he kept, nor follow'd trade,

Just like his strolling brothers of the blade,

Where Merry Andrew plies his ev'ry grin,

To take th'unwary, greasy rabble in;

Yet greater fees remunerate his toils,

And now a *place*, and now a *nation's spoils*,

To crown the whole, and bless his brawny arms,

A *Dutchess* waits in all her jointur'd charms.

J. of H. 17.

Eager

Eager to climb the rugged steep of fame,
 The modest PHIPPS puts in his double claim, *D Mulgrave*
 Soldier, and patriot — names, that both commend,
 And point him out his country's dearest friend ;
 But as a stripling in the public cause,
 His mind just fir'd with popular applause,
 As yet untry'd, by those all-pow'rful things,
 Title, place, pension, honorary strings,
 The muse corrects the ardour of her lays,
 Lest time should censure, what she now might praise.

Courtiers, thro' ev'ry age, are much the same,
 And mount the usual steps to courtiers fame ;
 To cringe, and pilfer, form their general creed,
 And laugh at merit, where it can't succeed ;
 But BARRINGTON a grand improver shines, *W Barrington*
 And on this puerile, half-form'd plan refines ;
 His searching eye takes in a larger view,
 And boldly does whate'er he's bid to do,

Whether

Whether to rob, with an unsparing hand,
Or scatter *murders* through a groaning land.
Sure recollection still weeps o'er the day,
In bloody calends mark'd, the *tenth of May*. *
When harmless crowds, by warmth of freedom lur'd,
Hung round those walls where WALKES had been immur'd,
Their only crime, to ease a sufferer's care,
And arm his heart 'gainst sorrow and despair,
How thy unfeeling, mercenary crew,
Swept off whole files, beneath the prisoner's view,
Nor rank, nor sex escap'd their glutless rage,
Nor thoughtless youth, nor inoffensive age,
Resolv'd, like Renault, blood enough to spill,
Their general orders, *not to take, but kill*.
Amongst the rest, O mem'ry! spare the tale,
Lest stones should weep, and elements should rail!
A *youth*, as yet, in manhood's course untry'd,
His mother's comfort, and his father's pride,

* The tragedy of St. George's Fields, performed on this day, in the year 1768,
at the particular command of Lord Barrington.

Blest with those humbler virtues which endear,
A social heart, and sympathizing tear,
Fell undistinguish'd, at thy stern command,
His head unpillow'd by a parent's hand.
And canst thou then, without remorse, or dread,
With this, and ten-fold mischiefs on thy head,
From lust to pow'r, from pow'r to lust still rove,
A debauchee in politics, as love?
Hence, miscreant, to some lonely cell repair,
And there apply to penitence, and pray'r,
From courts, and camps, to shame, and sorrow fly,
And, as you creep to death, learn how to die.

But hark, what magic dissipates those cares,
And laps my soul in more than Lydian airs,
Tunes ev'ry joy, bids pleasure recommence,
And blends the pow'rs of harmony, with sense!
'Tis BURKE harangues the graces in his train, *Edmund Burke*
And, when he speaks, 'tis slavery to complain.

See England's GENIUS, queen of arts and arms,
(By various insults, robb'd of half her charms)
Lur'd by his voice, her usual port assumes,
And, in her native smiles, once more re-blooms!
See too corruption, fetter'd by her side,
A while restrains her violence, and pride,
Flash'd with conviction, wonder, and amaze,
She dares not censure, tho' she will not praise!

Hail! matchless blessing, ELOCUTION, hail!
How do thy pow'rs in ev'ry clime prevail?
How do thy pow'rs in ev'ry age command,
Inspire with truth, or stop the ruffian's hand?
By thee the Grecian sage 'gainst Philip fought,
And slew whole armies by the force of thought;
By thee 'twas Tully gain'd such vast renown,
His wreath superior to the tyrant's crown.
'Tho' Gothic darkness wrapp'd the world in night,
And gloom'd, awhile, thy unexpiring light,

Thy

Thy flame, thus smother'd, but illum'd the more,
 And gain'd fresh vot'ries on Britannia's shore;
 From age to age, thy cheering sounds inspir'd,
 Now sooth'd with CECIL, now with RUSSEL fir'd;
 Nay, ev'n in those dishonour'd times of shame,
 When most are diffident to follow fame,
 When place, and bribe, on ev'ry ear is rung,
 And damning gold's prepar'd to chain the tongue,
 Thy lustre shines with undiminish'd rays,
 Alike the guest of *Gregories* and *Hayes*. *

From bullion squeez'd † as nature meant to lay,
 "Behold thy parent—*honour and obey*."
 CLIVE, first the seeds of avarice posscest,
 And clasp'd the precept kindly to his breast;
 This, like a talisman, he daily wore,
 Whether on Britain, or on Asia's shore;

* The country seats of Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke.

† Lord Clive's father being originally a silver enchafer.

'Twas

'Twas all his *fortune*, through life's bustling road,

'Twas all his *creed*, for *mammon* was his god.

RAPINE, and MURDER soon, with transport saw,

From such a chief, how wide must be their law,

Then hail'd him theirs—behold him, hence, arise;

In wealth, and title to Colossian size.

Gain battles—jaghires, wade through human gore,

And do what General *never did before*.

Was trade to be perverted from her course,

Or by monopolies, or brutal force?

Was freedom to be crush'd, and every son

Who dar'd maintain her cause to be undone?

Was war to ravage with a merc'less stride,

Merely to glut an individual's pride?

Were oaths, but for convenience to be ta'en,

*Tho' harmless Nabobs by their breach were slain? **

* For an account of these *facts* at large. Vide Bolt's "Considerations on India Affairs.

Were

*Were others to the rack consign'd to groan,
 Bereft of fortune, family, and throne?
 For these, and more was SQUAB-FAC'D CLIVE ordain'd,
 For these, he's ribbon'd; and for these he's fam'd.*

And shall, ye pow'rs ! your thunders daily roll,
 With rumbling horrors round from pole to pole ;
 Now blast some hermit—now some dome deface,
 Yet spare this *Nimrod* of the *human race*,
 Not only spare—but set him down in health,
 Entrench'd in spoils of luxury and wealth ?
 Be calm my thoughts—tho' pleasures now await,
 To raise his pride to every height of state,
 Tho' *venal scriblers* join with loud accord,
 To hail him *statesman, general, and my lord*,
 A time rides on—perhaps not far away,
 When every deed shall glare the face of day ;
 When ev'ry thought just issuing from the heart,
 Shall in their order—naked stand apart ;

L

Nor

Nor *lawyers tongues* shall at this bar avail,
 Nor *penn'd harangues* shall varnish o'er the tale ;
 Nor *shuffling quirks* the partial judges guide,
 Nor those *delays* corruption makes for pride ;
 Yes CLIVE, 'tis *here*, you shall discharge your trust,
Committees may acquit—but GOD is JUST.

O ! turn, my soul, from such a hell-like scene,
 Where *vice* grows *virtue* shewn to this extreme ;
 Reverse the view, and lead me to survey,
 Where polish'd manners cultivate the way ;
 Forward my steps to reach that peaceful cell,
 Where DIFFIDENCE and CONWAY ever dwell. *Gen. Henry Conway*
 Here tho' thy private virtues all attend,
 Behold one fault, as pictur'd by a friend,
 Cold *moderation* freezes o'er thy fame,
 And, like a mildew, blasts thy public name,
 Destroys all fortitude—great manhood's test,
 And stamps a coward virtue at the best.

Give

Give o'er this *trimming*, then, on every side,
Weigh well the cause, but weigh'd—at once decide!
This nature dictates—this her simple plan,
And he who dares not this—degrades the man.

Say, should a midnight ruffian storm your dome,
And break the peaceful slumbers of your home,
Regardless of the laws, as of his life,
No less prepar'd to rob, than bare the knife?
Should *moderation* then impede thy way,
By formal preaching up “Thou shalt not slay?”
Oh! where's the stoic publicly confess,
But what would plunge a dagger in his breast?
And shall your COUNTRY, dearer far than life,
Nay, than those dearer pledges, child, and wife,
Shall SHE by villain—coward statesmen fall,
And you not rise at such a mighty call?
For shame resolve a firm determin'd part,
And wear the *soldier* more about your heart.

Come

Tho' Townsend

COME TOWNSEND, MEREDITH, now crown my lays, *fr. W. A. Meredith*
 Tho' late, not less deserving of their praise ;
 Come CA'ENDISH too, whose patriotic name,
 Has long, long glitter'd on the rolls of fame ;
 Come ye who *barely vote* on FREEDOM's plan,
 Since, by this Act, ye dignify the man ;
 Hung round with well-earn'd honours, come and prove
 Your country's warmest thanks—her warmest love.

And now the muse (with courage not her own,
 But that which heav'n protects with FREEDOM's throne)
 Has dar'd a clew-less passage to explore,
 And tread those mazes, *never* trod before.
 And Oh ! with grief, and shame, she's forc'd to speak,
 (The flush of anger redd'ning on her cheek,)
 How in this gen'ral view, the people's choice,
 Where all should speak with honour's clearest voice,
 The *greater* part indulge where passions crave,
 And quit the *patriot*, for the *pension'd* slave.

Hear

Hear then, ye *few*, in whom we still may find
An active, spotless principle of mind,
Whose well-try'd souls have ev'ry danger brav'd,
Whom artificial wants have not enslav'd,
Stand firm, in conscious rectitude array'd,
And give your bleeding country all your aid.
Weigh well this truth your sages have exprest,
And let it cling round ev'ry patriot's breast,
THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISHMEN CAN NE'ER DECAY,
UNLESS THEIR GUARDIANS FLING THOSE RIGHTS AWAY.
Tho' the *King's friends*, act as their *country's foes*,
And all our dear-bought liberties oppose,
Tho' Treasury Lords a nation's wealth exhaust,
And purchase slavery at the public cost,
Tho' *premiers* pimp for *ribbons*, or for gain,
And MARRIAGE ACTS disgrace a Brunswick's reign,
Tho' those, whom lately ye have call'd your own,
False to their sacred trust, are *traitors* grown,
Tho' half the business of destruction's done,
And FREEDOM'S closing, like a setting sun ;

M

Do

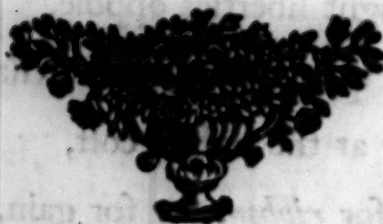
Do ye, a small, but virtuous phalanx stand,

And guard, at risk of life, your native land;

This charge to ev'ry SENATOR is given,

Do this, and leave the residue to heaven.

FINIS



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